

A
PRECIOUS MITHRIDATE
FOR

The SOULE

Made up of those two POYSONS,

Covetousness

AND

Prodigality:

The one drawn from the *Fathers*
Ill Qualities :

The other from the *Sons :*

For the *Curing* of both *Extremes*,
and advancing *Frugality*, the *Mean*.

Being foure Chapters taken out of *R. Junius*
his Christian Library,

And are to be sold by *J. Crump* Stationer in *Little*
Bartholmes Well-yard, and *H. Crips* in *Popehead-alley*.

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THE SOUTH

AND THE NORTH

OF AMERICA

BY J. M. GILMAN

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OF AMERICA

I

A Precious Metbri-date for the Soul, *Made up of those two Poysons,* *Covetousness and Prodigality :*

P R E F A C E.

Such as have formerly heard these Nightingales, or seen these Jewels in another Cage, or Cabinet; may please to take notice, that they are not stolen, but borrowed. Every Garden is furnished from other Gardens, and so is mine; but with leave from the Owners: As Vertue is distributive, and good Fruit the more common it is, the better it is. Besides the oftner these Nails are hammered, the deeper they pearse; and pearse too deep they cannot: for five words remembred is better than a thousand forgotten. Again, old metal cast into a new mold, becomes new, and is so esteemed. These Pearls are filed upon a string; that men may not shake them out of their pockets. If thou receivest any spiritual benefit; by partaking of this Banquet (or extract) give God the glory; which is all the Confectioner expects for his pains: for praise or thanks I seek none, as I have deserved none. Or in case my labour hath been worthy of hire, the great pleasure I took therein, hath been sweeter than anothers wages. Yea, if I have not grown better by it, yet it hath kept me from worse, and not afforded me time to entertain the Devil. Nor have I more made my Book, than my Book hath made me.

J. F.

CHAP. I.

Having felt the Cormorants pulse, I find it to beat most violently after gain; He were a skillful Physician that could pick out the greedy worm, which makes him so hungry: yea, he should deserve a greater reward, then Erasistratus had for curing Antiochus, which was fourteen thousand three hundred seventy and five pounds; But to hope this, were an effect of Frenzie, not of Reason;

A

for

for you shal sooner hear of an hundred Malefactors conversion at the Gallows, then of one Covetous Cormorant in his bed. Onely I will give you his and his Sons Effigies, and set them up as Sea-marks to make others beware; that both may do good service to the Church: For whereas honest men profit the Commonwealth, by occasioning themselves to be imitated; these shall happily benefit the same, by causing themselves to be avoided. As sometimes a Harlots face hath suggested chasteness: and good may be learnt, both by similitude and contrariety. At least the beauties of all Christian graces, are illustrated by the blackness of their opposite vices.

The Covetous Miser is one that affects no imployment or Occupation for it self, but for gain: all his reaches are at riches: his *summum bonum* is commodity, and gold is the Goddess he adores in every thing. He plots, studdies, contrives, breaks his peace, his sleep, his brams, to compass his desires: and though he ventures his ears, his neck, his soul; he dares not deny his slave, his dog, his Devil Avarice: nor cares he how he gets, but what he gets. There is no evil that he will not do, so goods may come of it; you cannot name the Sin that he will not swallow in the sweet breath of commodity: like Dorio the Barde in Terrence, he is not ashamed of the basest actions that bring him in benefit; nor does he smell any difference, between gold got by oppression, and that which is honestly come by.

Avarice is the grave of all good, it eats out the very heart of grace, by eating grace out of the heart. The damps of the earth do not more quench fire, then the love of earth stifles grace: neither trees nor grasse grow above, where the golden Mines are below; If the love of mony be once entred into the heart, no fruits of goodness will appear in the life: yea there is an absolute contrariety, between the love of God, and the love of Mammon; as our Saviour shews, Luke 16. 13.

This Machivillians heart is a very mint of fraud, that can readily catch falsehoods upon every occasion; yea, he is such a deep, that one may better tell the haire of his head, then either the springs, wards, or wickedness of his deceitful heart: and yet so foolish withall, that he not onely impoverisheth his soul, to enrich his body, but to purchase a great estate, he will sell both soul and body. Like Sylvester the second, who to get the Popedom, gave his soul to the Devill.

The poorest Cheats soul (if ever it be saved) costs no less a price than Christs precious blood: yet half a crown, yea six pence will make this Churle sell his. By which means he swells in his estate from a Toad to an Oxe (as in the Fable) and then bursts. And (which I would have you to observe) he thinks himself so much the wiser as he is the richer: which makes me the more willing to stigmatize his folly.

To shew that Covetous men belong to Hell after they die, they are like Hell while they live: Hell is never filled, and they are never satisfied. His abundance no more quencheth his lust, than fuel does the flame; yea, like Oyl, it kindleth the fire which it seems to quench. Avarice is like that

Disease

Disease we call the wolf; which is ever eating, yet keeps the body Lean. The Covetous Cormorant is like one of Pharaoh's lean and illfavoured kine: for though he devours much, yet he is never the less hungry, never the more fat. A moderate water makes the Mill go merrily, but too much will not suffer it to go at all.

The Covetous Miser is like the Indians, who though they have all the Gold among them, yet are the most beggerly people alive. He is like Tantalus, who stands up to the chin in water, and hath all kinds of fruits hanging over his head, but is not suffered to taste the one, nor drink of the other. Or like an Ass that is laden with gold and dainty cares, but feeds upon thistles. He scarce wears a good garment, or eats a liberall meal, or takes a quiet sleep; but is ever tormenting himself to get that, for getting whereof he shall be tormented. As a proud man is ignorant in the midst of his knowledge, so is he poor and needy in the midst of his wealth. Yea, whereas the Poor Begger wants many things, the Rich Miser wants every thing.

His business will never give him leave to think of his conscience. All his Religion is the love of money. He goes to Church indeed, but it is not to serve God, but the State; which he uses not as a means to save his soul but his silver. To him all spirituall and eternall things seem incredible, because they are invisible. Nothing will sink into his head that he cannot see with his eyes, or feel with his fingers. And in case he cannot gain by being Religious, his care shall be not to lose by it: and that Religion will like him best that is best cheap, and that will cost him least. Any doctrine is welcome to him, but that which bears upon good works, only that he cannot indure. No, if another be at the charge to serve God, this Church like Judas, will cry out, why is this waste? Nor shall any means ever convert him. No Physick is strong enough to purge out this Humour: Because, if ever he should repent, he must restore his ill gotten estate; which to him is as hard an injunction as that of God to Abraham, Gen. 22. 2. Or, as that of our Saviour to the Young man, Luk. 18. 22. and therefore what hope of his yielding? Covetousnesse is Idolatry, Eph. 5. 5. Col. 3. 5. and Money is the covetous mans god: and will he part with his god? No, And so long as he keeps the weapon (ill-got goods) in his wound, and will not pluck it out by restitution; how is it possible he should be cured? He may wish that Rich man, Luk. 10. have a good mind to Heaven, in reversion: yet for all that he will not hear of parting with his Heaven whereof he hath the present possession.

To other sins Satan tempts a man often: but Covetousnesse is a Fine and Recovery upon the Purchase. So that it is as easie to raise a dead man, as to convert a covetous man. A Covetous man is like a sick Patient that cannot spit, whom nothing will cure: Or, like a crack'd Bell, for which there is no remedy but the fire. Or like one that hath the Plague-tokens, who is past all hope, and for whom all that can be done is to say, Lord have mercy upon him. And therefore, though I had rather be a Fool

then a *Drunkard*; yet had I rather be a *Drunkard* than a *Covetous Miser*; *Marth. 21. 31, 32.*

CHAP. 2.

Now, as this *Merciless Miser* is all for *sparing*, so his *Heir* is all for *wasting*: He lives *poorly* and *penuriously* all his life, that he may die *rich*; *Psalm. 39. 6.* And what comes of it? As he hath *reapt* that which another *sowed*, so another shall *thrash* that which he hath *reaped*. He *boards up*, not *knowing* who shall enjoy it; and commonly they enjoy it who lay it out as fast. He takes only the *bitter*, and leaves the *sweet* for others, perhaps those that wish him *hanged*, upon condition they had his means the sooner.

Or possible it is he may have *children*; which if he have, he *loves* them so much *better* than himself, that he will voluntarily be miserable here and hereafter, that they may be happy. He is willing to go in a *thread-bare coat*, to starve his body, lose his credit, wound his conscience, torment his heart and minde with fears and cares; yea he can finde in his heart to *damne* his own soul and go to hell, that he may raise his house, and leave his heir a great estate, as thinking his house and habitation shall continue for ever, even from generation to generation, and call their lands by his name, as the *Plalmist* shews, *Psalm 49. 11.* He is careful to provide his *children portions*, while he provides *no portion* of comfort for his own *welfare*, either here or hereafter. He provides for his *childrens bodies*, not for their *souls*, to shew that he *begat* not their *souls* but their bodies. He leaves a fair estate for the *worser part*, nothing for the estate of the better part. He desires to leave his children *great* rather than good, and is more *ambitious* to have his sons *Lords on earth*, than *Kings in heaven*. But as he that provides not for their *temporal estate*, is worse than an *Infidel*, *1 Tim. 5. 8.* So he that provides not for their *eternal estate*, is little better than a *devil*, which yet is the case of *nine parts* of the *parents* throughout the *Land*.

But observe how his children requite him again, and how God requites him in his *children*; for commonly they are such, as never give him thanks nor in the least lament his Loss; perhaps they *mourn* at his *funeral*, yet not for that he is *dead*, but because he *died* no sooner. Nor is it any rare thing for men to mourn for him *dead*, whom they would by no means have still to be alive. Yea for the most part, it is but a *fashionable sorrow*, which the son makes shew of at his *fathers death*; as having many a day wished for that *hour*. A sorrow in shew onely, like that of *Jacobs sons* when they had sold their brother *Joseph*, who profest a great deal of grief for his loss, when inwardly they *rejoyced*. Have ye not heard of a *prodigal young heir*? that encouraged his companions, with, come let us drink, revel, throw the house out at windows; the man in *Scarlet* will pay for all; meaning his *father* who was a *Judge*, but he *adjudged* the *patrimony* from him to one of his younger sons more obedient; And good reason he had for it, for to give *riches* to the *riotous*, is all one as to *pour* precious

precious liquor into a Sieve, that will hold no liquid substance; which occasioned the Rhodians, and Lydians, to enact several laws; that those sons which followed not their fathers in their virtues, but lived viciously, should be disinherited, and their lands given to the most vertuous of that race, not admitting any impious heir whatsoever to inherit, as Varro well notes. But it is otherwise in this case, for (in regard of Gods curse upon this unmerciful Muckworm) if he have more sons then one, the eldest proves a prodigal, and he inherits.

Every mans own experience can tell him, that for the most part a scatterer succeeds a gatherer; one that wasts virtues faster then riches, and riches faster then any virtues can get them; one that is as excessive in spending, as the other was in scraping; for as the father chooseth to fill his chests, so the son is given to satisfy his lusts. Nor could the one be more cunning at the rake, then the other will be at the pitchfork. The moneys which were formerly chested like caged Birds, will wing it merrily when the young heir sets them flying. And as Cicero speaks, he riotously spends that which the father had as wickedly gotten. The one would have all to keep, the other will keep nothing at all; the former gets and spends not, the latter spends and gets not. Yea the son being as greedy of expence, as the father was in scraping; he teddeth that with a fork in one year, which was not gathered with a rake in twenty. Yea how oft is that spent upon one Christmas revelling by the son, which was forty years a getting by the Father? Which Diogenes well considered, for whereas he would ask of a frugal Citizen but a penny, of a Prodigal he would beg a talent, and when the party asked him what he meant, to desire so much of him and so little of others, his answer should be, *Quoniam tu habes, ille habebunt*; because thou hast, and they will have. I shall beg of thee but once, thy estate will so soon vanish, of them often: yea give me now a talent, I may live to give thee a groat. And at another time; hearing that the house of a certain Prodigall was offered to sale, he said, I knew well that house was so accustomed to surfeiting, and drunkenness, that ere long it would spue out the Master.

Nay in all likelihood he foresees it himself; and therefore as he makes short work with his estate, so not long with his life, as knowing, that if he should live long, he must be a begger.

As seldom but he shortens his days some way; for he gives himself to all manner of vice, gluttony and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness, pride, riot, contention, &c. He even banishes civility, and gives himself over to sensuality; and such a life seldom lasts long.

They may rightly be called spend-alls, for they not onely spend all they have, but themselves also; in stead of quenching their thirsts, they drown both their bodies, souls and estates in Drink. They will call, Drawer give us an Ocean, and then leave their wits rather then the wine behinde them. One cries to his fellow, Do me reason; but the drink answers, I will leave thee no reason, no not so much as a beast hath; for these Nabals cannot abound, but they must be drunk and surfet. They have not onely cast off

Religion that should make them good men; but even reason that should make them men; And saving only on the Sea, they live without all compass; as a ship on the water, so they on the land reel too and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, Psal. 107. 27.

All their felicity is in a Tavern, or brothell-house, where harlots and sicophants rifle their estates, and then send them to robbe; or teach them how to cheat or borrow, which is all one, for to pay they never mean, and prodigality drives them to repair their too great latishuesse in one thing, by too great covetousnesse and injustice in another. The greatest mispenders for the most part are constrained to be as great misgetters, that they may feed one vice with another.

Now as if they had been bred among Bears, they know no other dialect then roaring, swearing and bannings. It is the tongue or language of hell they speak; as men learn before hand the language of that Country whether they mean to travel.

By wine and surfering they pour out their whole estates into their bellies. The father went to the devil one way, and the son will follow him another; and because he hath chosen the smoother way, he makes the more haste. The one so loved Money, that he could not afford himself good Drink: the other so loves good Drink, that he scornes Money. The Father cannot finde in his heart to put a good morsel into his belly, but lives on roots, that his prodigal heir may feed on Pheasants; he drinks water, that his son may drink wine, and that to drunkenness. The one dares not eat an egge, lest he should lose a chicken, and goes to hell with whay and carrots, the other follows after with Canary, Partridges, and Potatoes.

These are Epecurus indeed, placing Paradise in their throats, and heaven in their guts; their Shrine is their Kitchen, their Priest is their Cook, their Altar is their table, and their belly is their God. By wine and surfering they pour out their whole estates into their bellies; yet nevertheless complain against nature for making their necks so short.

Aristippus gave to the value of sixteen shillings for a Partridge; his clownish neighbour told him, he held it too dear at two pence. Why, quoth Aristippus, I esteem less of a pound, then thou dost of a penny: the same in effect sayes the prodigal son, to his penurious father; for how else could he so soon bring a noble to nine pence, an inheritance of a thousand pounds per annum, to an annuity of five hundred shillings? besides the one obtains a thousand pounds with more ease, then the other did a thousand pence; and by how much the less he esteems of money, by so much the more noble and better man he esteems himself, and his father the more base; and hereupon he scorns any calling, and must go apparelled like a Prince.

God hath enacted it as a perpetual law, In the sweat of thy Face (be it brow or brain) shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the earth, Gen. 3. 19. And for the best Gentleman to dispise honest callings (mental or manual) is a pride without wit or grace. Even gallant Absalom was a great sheep-masser: the bravery and magnificence of a Courtyer, must be built upon the

the ground of frugality. Besides, exercise is not more *wholsome* for the body, then it is for the *minde* and *soul*; but this *vain glorious* *Corcombe* is all for *sports* and *pleasure*, and seldom ceases *hunting after sports* (as *Esau* for *venison*) until he hath lost the *Blessing*. But he should (O that he would) consider, that *medicines* are *no meat* to live by.

Then for his *pride in apparel*, you may know that by this; he is like the *Cinamon tree*, whose *barke* is of more worth then his *body*; or like the *Esbridge* or *Bird of Paradise*, whose *feathers* are more worth then her *flesh*; Or some *Vermine*, whose *case* is better then her *carcass*. And yet this swells him so, and makes him look as big, as if the *river of his blood* could not be *banked within the channel of his veins*; and shift his *ature* he must, like the *Islanders of Foolianna the fiele*; or that *King of Mexico*, who was wont to *change his cloths four times a day*, and never wear them again, imploying his *leavings* and *cast suits*, for his continual *liberalities* and *rewards*, and who would also have neither *pot* nor *dish*, nor any *implement* in his *Kitchen*, or on his *Table*, be brought twice before him.

Indeed he cannot *shift* himself out of the *Mercers books*, until he hath sold the other *Farm* or *Lordship*; perhaps a *dinner* or *supper* at some *Tavern*, may cost him *ten pounds* or more; for he must pay the *whole reckoning*, that he may be counted the best man. Yea when the *shot* comes to be paid, for any man to *draw* in his company, is a *just quarrel*, and use hath made it *unpleasant* to him not to *spend*, and yet a *bare head in the streets*, does him *more good*, then a *meals meat*. He hath the *Wolfe of vaine glory*, and that he *feeds* untill himself becomes the *food*. Nor can it be long, first, for an *excessive* and *successive* *impairing*, alwayes importeth a *final dissolution*. Nor hath he ever the wit to think upon *sparing*, till he comes to the *bottom of the purse*, resembling *Plautus* that famous *comical Poet*, born in *Umbria*, who having spent all he had on *plaiers apparel*, was forced for his living, to serve a *Baker* in turning a *hand mill*. Like an *hour-glass* turned up, he never leaves *running* till all be out; He never looks to the *bottom* of his *parimony*, till it be quite *unravell'd*; and then (too late) complains that the *stock* of his *wealth* ran *coarse* at the *flag end*.

His father had too good an opinion of the world, and he too much *disdaines* it: onely herein he speeds (as he thinks) a little the better, for that those who *barked* at his father like *curs*, *faune* upon him, and *lick* his *hand* like *Spaniels*. Yea the *Prodigalls* case is herein better then the *Misers*, for the *Prodigal* shall only have *nothing hereafter*; but the *Covetous* man, hath *nothing here nor hereafter*. He bestows upon his *inferiors* *liberal gifts*, thinking it good gain to receive for it good words, and your *Worship*. Thus by the frequent use of *subtracting pounds* out of *hundreds*, *shillings* out of *pounds*, and *pence* out of *shillings*, the end of his account proves all *Cyphers*.

Idleness is the *Coach* that brings, a man to *Needam*; *prodigality* the *post-horse*. His father was no mans friend but his own, and he (says the

the proverb) is no mans foe else; be he never so old, he never attains to the years of discretion; And in case providence do not take him ward, his heirs shall never be sought after. His Vessel hath three leaks, a lascivious eye, a gaming hand, a deified belly; and to content these, he can neither rule his heart, his tongue, nor his purse. He never proves his own man, till he hath no other, and then perhaps when want, or good counsel, or time hath made him see as much as his father did, at last he sues for a Room in an Almshouse, that his father built; else when he feels want (for till then he never sees it) he complains of greatness for ingratitude; that he was not thought of when promotions were a dealing. Yet seeing there is no remedy but patience, when his last Acre lies in his purse, he projects strange things, and builds houses in the aire, having sold those on the ground. Not that he is a man of parts, for he is onely witty to wrong and undoe himself; *Ease, saith, Solomon, slayeth the fool sh, and the prosperity of fools destroyeth them, Prov. 1.32.*

CHAP. 3.

MAny an one hath his father unfeathered to warm him, but pride, drunkenness, gaming, &c. plucks them away again so fast, that he soon becomes naked and bare. He is like a barren plot of ground, for let him receive never so much seed and manuring, Sun and showers, he remains ever dry and fruitlesse, and no marvail, when not onely his leud and vicious courses bring Gods curse upon all he hath or takes in hand; but when he and what he hath, is also cursed for his fathers sake. For whereas the Holy Ghost saith of the just man, *His seed shall be mighty upon earth, his generation shall be blessed, &c. Psal. 112. 2.* and many the like, *Psal. 103.* where God hath promised to blesse and reward the children; yea, the childrens children for their fathers goodnesse, *vers. 17. Isa. 58. 10, 11. 12. Psal. 37. 25, 26, & 112. 2. to 6.* Of which I might give you examples, not a few. The children of Noah were preserved from drowning for their fathers sake, *Gen. 7. 1.* Mephibosheth fares the better for his fathers goodnesse: The Kenites for Jethroes, *1 Sam. 15. 6.* and that some hundreds of years after their Ancestor was dead; Phineas his seed for his sake, *Numb. 25, 11, 12, 13.* Solomon for his father Davids sake, *2 Sam. 1. 2.* Ishmael for Abrahams sake, *Gen. 17. 20.* And all Isarel fared the better for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacobs sake, *Dent. 4. 37. 1 Kings 11. 12.* The loving-kindnesse of the Lord, sayes the Psalmist, indureth for ever, and ever, upon them that fear him, and his righteousness upon childrens children, *Psal. 103. 17. Exod. 20. 6.*

And as God usually blesseth, and rewardeth the children for their fathers goodnesse, so on the contrary, *Exod. 20. 5.* Eternal payments God uses to require of the persons only, temporary oftentimes of succession as we see the Heirs and Executors of our Debtors. God hath peremptorily told us, that he will visit the iniquity of ungodly parents, upon their children, unto the

the third and fourth generation, *Exod. 20. 5.* As for the sin of *Hamian*, his ten sons were hanged, *Hester 9. 13, 14.* And so for *Sauls* sin, his seven sons were likewise hanged, *2 Sam. 21. 6.* and thus for *Achans* sin, all his sons and daughters were stoned to death, and burned with fire by the Commandment of *Moses*, who was in *Gods* stead, *Iosh. 7.* Yea *God* hath peremptorily threatened, *Psal. 109.* that the children of a cruel and unmercifull man, shall be *Vagabonds* and beg their Bread, and that none shall extend mercy or favor unto them, ver. 7. to 17. *God* will make those children beggers, for whose sakes the fathers have made so many beggers; this is a truth which the father will not beleieve, but as sure as *God* is just, the Son shall feel. As what common and daily experience have we thereof, bad men but the wit to observe it? for hence it is, that riches ill got, shift Masters so often. As rare it is, if the wealth of an Oppressor doth last to the fourth generation; seldom to the second; for commonly in this case, as the father was the first that raised his house, by his extreme getting and saving, so the son proves the last, in overthrowing his house by excessive spending and lavishing; as *Tullius Cicero* answered a *Prodigal* that told him he came of beggerly parents; for no man when his means is gone, will ever after trust him with a stock to begin the world again; the case standing with him, as it d'd with the unjust Steward, who having wasted his masters goods for the time past, cou'd not be trusted with the like for the time to come; and whereas hitherto he hath with *Escan*, rejected the blessing of prosperity, it will be denyed him hereafter, though he should seek it with tears: and which is worse then all, if death find him (as is much to be feared) as banquerupt of spiritual, as of worldly goods, it will send him to an eternal prison: for what can we think of them, that do not onely lose crusts and crummes, which our Saviour would have carefully gathered up, *John 6. 12.* but even lavish and wherle away whole patrimonies; yea, most wickedly spend them in riot, and upon Dice, Drabs, Drunkennes? O the fearful account which these unthrifty Bayliffs will one day have to give up to our great Lord and Master, when he shall call them to a strict reckoning of their talents! if he was condemned that increased not the sum concredited to him, what then shal become of him that lawlessly and lavishly spends and impaires it? bringing in such a reckoning as this; Item, spent upon my lusts pleasures, and pride, forty years, and five hundred or ten thousand pounds, &c. let them be in their right senses, they cannot thin that *God* will take this for a good discharge of their Stewardships, though the devil may and will make them beleieve, that *Christ* will quit all scores between him, the father and them.

And thus I have made it plain, that want and beggery, is the heir apparent to riot and prodigality, and that he who when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too littel to spend; a good lesson for young gulls. I have likewise shown, that what the covetous hath basely gotten, is as ill bestowed, and worse employed, a good Item for old Carimagens to take notice of, that so they may not starve their bodies, and damn their souls, for their sons, to so little purpose.

As

As O that the covetous Moule, who is now digging a house in the earth for his posterity, did but fore-see how his *Prodigal son* will consume what he with so much care and industry hath scraped together; for should he have leave hereafter to come out of hell for an hour, and see it, he would curse this his folly, yea, if possible, it would double the pain of his infernall torment, as it saies with *Gripho the Miser*, who (as *Lucian* feigneth) lying in hell, lamenteth his miserable estate, that one *Rodochares*, an incestuous *Prodigal*, on earth consumed his goods wastfully, which he by unjust means had scraped together so carefully; the which seemeth to have some affinity with the word of truth; why else is *Dives* being in hell torments, said to lift up his eyes, and to see *Abraham* a farre off and *Lazarus* in his bosome, parlying so seriously about his brethren, whom he had left behind him? *Luke* 16. 23, &c. Why else doth our Saviour say, that the wicked shall gnash their teeth for vexation, when they shall see *Abraham*, and *Isaac*, and *Jacob* in the Kingdome of heaven, and themselves thrust out of doors? *Luke* 13. 28.

But that thou mayst the better foresee, or at least fore-think what will follow, I will shew thee thy case in sundry other persons.

Clodius, son to *Esophus* the Tragedian, spent marvelous great wealth which his father left him. *Epicharmus* the Athenian, having a large patrimony left him by his parents, consumed it in six dayes, and all his life time after lived a begger. *Apicius*, in banquetting, spent great revenues, left him by his parsimonious father, and then because he would not lead a miserable life, hanged himself. *Pericles*, *Calias*, and *Nicius*, by prodigall lavishing and palpable sensuallity, spent in a short time very great patrimonies, left them by their parents, and when all their means was gone they drank each of them a poisoned potion one to an other, and dyed in the place.

Again, we read that *Caligula*, in one year of his reign, spent prodigally, sixty seven millions of gold; which *Tiberius* his Predecessor had gathered together, as *Tacitus* tells us, and whereas *John* the 22. left behind him, (as *Petrarch* reports) two hundred and fifty tun of gold; insomuch that an odde fellow made this jest of him, *Erat Pontifex maximus si non virtute pecunie tamen maximus*. Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, (called of Englishmen, a by-word, for selling our Kingdom to *Philip* of Spain, Six cinque,) through his inollerable coverousnesse, left in his Exchequer five millions; but his successor *Gregory* the fourteenth, wasted four of them in ten months and lesse, besides his ordinary revenues, in riot and prodigality; and many the like which I could tyre you with; insomuch that the curse of *Epimenides* is daily fulfilled, which was, that all the treasure horded up by the covetous, should be wasted by the Prodigall; for, for the most part the Misers means lights into the hands of some such dingebriсты dearth-maker, as our of a laborious Silke-worm, rises a painted Euterye.

CHAP. 4.

AND so you have three Chapters, taken out of the prevention of *prophety*. In Gods goodnesse and Englands *unthankfulnesse* by the same *Anchour*? I find this ensuing Character of a Prodigall or Loose Libertine: it is in Chapter the 9th. where he is appointed to lead the Troop, of Ignorant, unbelieving, Ingrateful and wicked persons; as Judas led the Soldiers. It begins, and goes on as followeth.

Thou that art *Openly profane*; dost somanifestly prove, and profess thy self to be one of those ignorant, *unbelieving, ingrateful, and wicked* wretches herein concern'd: yea, to be one of the *children of disobedience whom Satan hath blinded*: that in respect of others, I should think it needlesse to spend time in further proof thereof: yet I would gladly say something to shame thee out of thy self: wherefore briefly thus: Thou art *kept by the Devil in a snare, and taken captive of him at his will*: he ruleth, and worketh his pleasure in thee, as being thy God and father, and Prince, and Master, 2 Tim. 2. 26. Joh. 8. 44. and 14. 30. 2 Cor. 4. 4. Thy odious qualities are these and the like: thou dost banish all civility, and give thy self over to *sensuality*: and art neither afraid nor ashamed; to let thy wickedest thoughts break forth into actions. Yea, thou thinkest thy self the honestest man for it: and boastest thou art none of those dissembling Hypocrites that seem to be what they are not. Thou art a common *Drunkard*: in stead of quenching thy thirst, thou drownest thy senses.

Thou desirest not the reputation of *honesty*, but of good fellowship: Thou art a continual *swearer*, and that of bloody oaths. One of our *Russians*, or sons of Belial: who when thou art displeased with others, wilt flie in thy *Makers face*, and tear thy *Saviours Name* in peices: even swearing away thy part in that blood, which must save thee if ever thou beest saved. Yea, if thou art never so little provoked, *curses* with thee, strive for number with oaths, and *lewd speeches* with both. Thou knowest no other dialect, then *roaring, swearing, and banning*: and in case thou art reproved for it, thou wilt say, *We take too much upon us*: as Corah and his complices twitted Moses, Numb. 16. 3. not knowing how strictly God commands, and requires it, Levit. 19. 17. Heb. 3. 11. 2 Tim. 2. 24. Exek. 3. 18. to 22. 2 Pet. 2. 7, 8. Whence as the Chief Priests answered Judas, *What is that to us?* so thou wilt blaspheme God, tear Christ in peices, and more then betray, even shed his innocent blood, digging into his side with oaths and say, when told of it, *What is that to us?* When thou mightest as well say, *What is Christ to us? What is Heaven to us? or what is salvation to us?* For to us the one cannot be without the other. We shal never inherit part of his glory in Heaven, if we do not take his glories part upon earth. And with God it is much about one; whether we be *doers of evil*, or no hinderers. For if we must not see our neighbours *Oxe nor Sheep* go astray, or fall into a pit; but we must reduce him, and help him out of it, Deut.

22. 1. We are much more bound to help our Neighbour himself, from dropping into the bottomlesse pit of Hell. And what know we? but we may win our brother, and so save his soul? Matth. 18. 15. Again, thou art an usual companion of Harlots, thy summum bonum is a Punk: and thou wilt rather burn in Hell, then marry.

Thou art one of those that St. Peter speaks of: thou hast eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease to sin. Thou gazest upon every fair face; and lustest after every beautiful woman: Thy speech is lewd and obscene: thy discourse scurrility, lascivious thy behaviour. Thou art a frequent slanderer of thy Neighbour: an open Sabbath-breaker: Canst boast of sin and mischief, and if need be defend it.

Like the Salamander, thou art never well, but in the fire of contention. And art apt to quarrel, yea, kill a man for every foolish trifle; be it but for the wall, or refusing to pledge thee; as if thy honour were of more worth then thy soul. Yea, the Devil hath so blinded, and bewicht thee: that thou thinkest every wrong, or disgraceful word quarrel just enough, to shed blood, that true valour consists only in a brave revenge and being implacable: that patience is but an argument of baseness; and therefore thou wilt rather suffer a sword in thy bowels, then a lye in thy throat. I confesse, thou wilt fight in no quarrel but a bad one, and sooner in thy Mistress's defence, then in thy Masters.

Thou art of a reprobate judgment touching actions and persons: esteeming good evil, and evil good, Prov. 17. 15. and 29. 27. Isa. 5. 20. Thou dost stifle thy conscience, and wouldst force thy self to believe if it were possible, that in case men will not swear, drink drunk, conform to thy lewd customs, and the like, they are over-precise; and to forbear evil, is quarrel sufficient for thee. Thou speakest evil of all, that will not run with thee to the same excess of riot, 1 Pet. 4. 4. making them a by-word to the people, Job 17. 6. and a song amongst thy fellow Drunkards, Psal. 69. 12. Thou art so desperately wicked, that thou wilt mock thy admonisher, scoffe at the means to be saved; and make thy self merry with thy own damnation.

In stead of hating the evil thou dost, and thy self for doing it: thou art glad of it, rejoycest in it, boastest of it; yea, pleadest for it, and applaudest thy self for thy wickedness: God is not in all thy thoughts, except to blaspheme him, and to spend his days in the Devils service; And rather then abridge thy pleasure, thou wilt hazard the displeasure of God. Thou dost not honour but art stubborn, and disobedient to thy parents; a Rioter, &c. If they stand in need of thee; thou wilt not nourish or maintain them, as they did thee in thy need. Thou takest no care to provide for thy own family, but drinkest the very blood of thy Wife, Children, and Servants: and art therein worse then an Infidel. Thy greatest delight is in devillish cruelty: as to see the poor innocent Creatures fight, pick out one anothers Eyes, and tear each others flesh. Yea, to see two men fight, and kill one another, thou accountest but a sport or p'aying, 2 Sam. 2. 14. to 17. Tho 1

Thou wilt borrow, or run in debt with every one; but never carest to pay, or to satisfie any one: except it be thy Hostesse for drink, lest she should never more trust thee.

As good men by their godly admonition, and vertuous example, draw all they can to Heaven: so by thy subtile allurements, and vicious example, thou drawest all thou canst to hell. For as if it were too little to damn thy own soul, or as if thine own sins would not presse thee deep enough into hell; thou doest all that possibly thou canst, to entice and enforce others to sin with thee: for thou doest envy, hate, scoff at, nick-name, rail on, and slander the godly; that thou mayest flout them out of their faith, damp, or quench the spirit where thou perceivest it is kindled; discourage them in there way to heaven, to make them ashamed of their holy conversation, and religious course: pull them back to the world, that so thou mayest have their company here in sin, and hereafter in torment.

Thou fearest a Gaol more then thou fearest hell: and standest more upon thy sides smarting, then upon thy soul. Thou regardest more the blasts of mens breath, then the fire of Gods wrath: and tremblest more at the thought of a Serjeant or Bailiff, then of Satan, and everlasting perdition. Thou takest incouragement from the Saints falls, and sins of Gods people to do the like: when they should serve thee as Sea-marks, to make thee beware. Yea, thou doest most sordidly, take liberty, and incouragement to go on more securely in thy evil courses: because God is merciful and forbears to execute judgement speedily: and to defer thy repentance, because the Thief upon the Crosse, was heard at the last hour. Thou wilt boldly do what God forbids; and yet confidently hope to escape what he threatens.

Thus I could go on, to tell thee a thousand more of these thy wicked thoughts, words, and actions; had I not already done it. But because I would not present my other Readers with Cole-worts twice sod: be perswaded to take view of them, in my other small Tract, entituled, *The odious, despicable, and dreadful condition of a Drunkard, drawn to the Life*: though indeed even a Tyth of these are sufficient evidences to prove and to make thee confesse that thou art in a most damnable condition. But stand thou by, and let the civil Justiciary, and formall Hypocrite hold up their hands, and hear their charge.

Here ends the *Prodigals Character* with which I will conclude.

FINIS.

They that please, may have the whole (*Library* consisting of thirty seven Books) at James Crumps, a Stationer in Little Bartholomews Well-yard, and at Henry Cripps his Shop in Popes-head-Alley. 1661.

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